

AN OLD PHOTO GRAPH

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I CAN EASILY SEE, HOW JUST about all of the best things in my life, came through, and by, *an old photograph*. This is simply something which ancient man did not have... the essence, or spirit of an ancient ancestor might could never really be grasped, or believed in. This appears to have had both good and bad results. If we

really could over look, and skip over our previous generations, and their worlds, as portrayed in photographs, *would we not be more 'in the present?'* Photographs sometimes give us *people who live 'in the past.'* This is the way society describes those who appear to peer into old photographs, to understand better, or even to escape from the present... *this 'living in the past.'* Maybe the best parts of myself, as well as the worst parts, reach into my life through old photographs. My tolerance, and contentment... *my best qualities...* flow from the presences which come through old photographs. But, these

'spirits of the past,' sometimes cast harsh judgment upon the people who we may love the most... *and seem to create this cold frosty air, which we sometimes find it hard to understand.* I've found, that a judgmental, or cold judgment, or attitude, usually only backs off, and mellows out. When shown how the emotionally charged start usually morphs into gentleness, and kindness, you then find gratitude and a sense of relief *that the world wasn't injured, or hurt.* One's liberty, and contentment... these are priceless things. And one still has his or her loved ones.

But still one will be inclined to live 'in the

past.' But, I certainly don't want to make any ghost angry... I would think, rather, that I should be more attentive to my present, and should build for a better future... *and leave the past be.* At any rate, these are just some thoughts, this warm, sunny, late September afternoon. Every once in a while, I get a glimpse into a nativity, of innocent afterlife happenstance, and grandeur. Clutter, or haphazard ordinary appearances aren't very common... usually the spirits of my collective unconscious soul, *when they make an appearance, seem steeped in an righteous time less mist, of perfection.* This is the

result, of the well lived life, *given ones ancestors were good people, and went straight to Heaven when they died.* It's so special to find a grandchild who is given glimpses into a righteous peoples' Heaven... *more common for an ancestors criminality to affect an grandchild.* If we're given peaceful minds, how easy it is to appreciate fanciful worlds, in literature... *the Brothers Grimm fairytale isn't really any confusion, to the righteous child, who already knows how to act.* 'An ancient wanderer of time and space keeps moving along, *although there may be sights to see, he or she stays with the truck.*' This is the

unique personalized message you so desired to find. At any rate, I sit and write. Knowing how to get there, *while not going past it*, seems to be the implied meaning. Anyway, a photograph can give such depth to a past memory... just think how, before this technology was invented, we had to just guess what our ancestors looked like... *forget about a person's essence, or spirit...* *such was out of reach, except for as in painting, which could put artists in such prized roles.* You might've thought you knew everything about a subject, only to be shown some thing else... so might should one prepare. Or maybe that's being

unnecessarily difficult... try to remember a grandmother's or granddads love, and not to be forgetful, *nor let yourself be cheated out of your good standing, or being seduced into sin, and losing track of your immortal soul.* I guess that these are common worries, and you are shy of having presumed wrongly, *so you'll make sure you stay 'in the black,' by doing the right thing, in the right way.* Well, these have been a few thoughts. I have heard it said that time and space are human constructs. *Maybe you'd call the afterlife a land of shades which are found between dreams, and the endless flowing of times on Earth.* Maybe

the spirits of the beyond, are only found in relation to the flow of time and space. As presences reflected in the rippling surface of a green pond, *we'll know solid rest... and this is the best I can do overall.* Back in nineteen ninety nine I couldn't help but notice the downward forces of gravity, and the pressing of atmosphere biosphere and beingness. So I did a music to remember the heaviness by... it seems to draw everything down, *but it's only an emulation, a copy of the real thing.* Does it matter that this is the Good Lord's own truth? At any rate, our air conditioning has me in a state of equality, between inside

and outside. Isn't that interesting? Well, I'll wrap this writing up and send along your way now. All for now, Greg.